

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXX.

JUNE, 1921

No. 1

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as
second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

LISTENING FOR GOD	1
THE ADVANTAGE OF THE ASCENSION	1
THE STILL HOUR	3
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	4
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY CHILD	5
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	6
NATURAL SCIENCE:—	
DESERT PLANTS	7
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	7
IMPORTANT NOTICES	8

LISTENING FOR GOD.

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory;
They breathe my *Peace,—be still!*
They ever seem to say,—“My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself
And listen by the way!”

—*William Channing Gannett.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE ASCENSION.

“It is expedient for you that I go away.”—
JOHN xvi. 7.

It was best for the apostles, and for us also, that our Lord should go away. His ascension was for our advantage. That is what he said, and we know that it is true because he said it, but it is a hard saying.

It was best that he should go, for his own sake; we can understand that. It was a blessed change to leave our life behind him, with its limitations, with its wearinesses and distresses, and to go on into that other life which, as he himself taught us, is inconceivably better than this. Between a worm crawling on a bough and a butterfly sailing on the wings of the wind in the sunshine,—what an immeasurable difference! It is a symbol of the change from earth to heaven, from the conditions of existence here to those other unimaginable conditions into which our Lord entered when the cloud received him out of human sight. It was plainly best for him that he should go; and he told the apostles that if they loved him they would rejoice at it.

But how could it be best for them? They depended so upon him, waited so loyally and confidently for his word, listened with such deferential attention to his teaching. And he had more to teach them. The great lessons were only just begun. He had many things to say to them. How could it be best that that blessed voice should fall into silence, and that blessed face be hid behind the cloud? They needed him.

And we also need him. It is hard to live the life of holiness. The visible, distracting, tempting world presses upon us, and besets us without and within. That is real and close, while the world of the spirit seems so vague and far away. It would all be very different, we feel, if he were here. We know how much our best friends help us; we know how much easier the best life seems when they

are with us. If he were here, the supreme friend, the supreme Master of the soul, it would be so easy and natural for us to follow in his steps.

It is true that we have the Bible. We have the record which Matthew and Mark and Luke and John wrote. They said that Jesus said this word and that. But the words come to us at best at second-hand. When we reflect how large a part of the meaning of human speech is in the expression of the face and the tone of the voice, we see how much we lose. And then there are the critics and the commentators. And the critics discuss the authorship of these old histories; and the commentators debate the meaning of the words. And in the midst of these contradictory voices, what wonder if in some despair we repeat Pilate's question,—What is truth? We look back to that ancient day when Jesus spoke to men at first-hand, when there were no critics and no commentators, and men could see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears; and we feel that they had a better chance in Capernaum than we have here to know the truth of God.

What did Jesus mean when he said, "*It is expedient for you that I go away*"?

One thing we know; that is, that in all instruction there is need from time to time for a change of teachers;—sometimes because we have outgrown the teacher, having learned his lesson; sometimes because we have become so accustomed to his way of teaching that his lesson, though we may not have learned the whole of it, makes less impression upon us. It is according to human nature to undervalue what we have every day. Thus God is forever changing our instructors. He teaches us by the lips of men who have their day and bring their message, and for an hour take the great class of the nation or of the race,—and then the bell rings, and the teacher's time is done. The poets, the philosophers, the saints, the preachers, the politicians, and the soldiers take their turns at teaching us.

It may be that Jesus felt the apostles had been taught long enough in the lessons of his visible presence, and that it would be expedient to teach them now by the different lessons of his invisible presence. There is no danger that we shall ever grow weary of Christ, nor is it

likely that we shall ever learn the whole of the truth of Christ. But he, knowing our need of change, changes his way of teaching. It is true that he said he was going away, but he said also that he was coming back again. "A little while," he promised the apostles, "and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father." They could not at the moment understand it, but they came by and by to perceive that it was *his assurance of continual and unending presence with them*. He went away that he might return in another form, and thenceforth be closer to them than ever.

Another thing that we know is this,—that there is a difference between sight and faith. Faith is better than sight. "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed," said Christ to Thomas. "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." Faith is better than sight, because it is the action of higher faculties of our nature. It differs from sight as the writing of poetry differs from the sawing of wood. Anybody who has strength can saw wood, and anybody who has eyes can see. But in the making of a poem a brain and a heart are needed; and more also;—and they are similarly needed for the right recitation of a creed. Sight is the perception of the outside or visible part of an event. Jesus heals the sick; and all who stand about him see the miracle. But those who have faith see Jesus, and have no need of a miracle to point him out, to tell them that he is wise and wonderful and divine. Faith is *recognition* without the need of the argument of sight. To-day, although the Lord be out of sight, the believer recognizes him and gives him the quick allegiance of service and love.

Sight is a recognition of the face; faith is a recognition of the heart. The highest perception is that which perceives personality,—the actual self, the heart. And that depends on spiritual faculties. To know a good man when we meet him is an achievement which cannot be accomplished unless we have some spiritual kinship with him. Faith, accordingly, depends upon character, and therein is immeasurably superior to sight, which depends on nothing but good eyes. Thus Jesus went away out of the sight of his disciples, that we might thus be able to exercise these higher faculties, and thereby to cultivate that which is

finest, and noblest in us. We can see that in this way it was expedient for us that he should go away.

So long as Jesus walked in visible form in Judea or in Galilee, the Christian religion was inevitably localized. It was centred where he stood. It is true that he set himself against such localization. He told the Samaritan woman that neither in Samaria nor in Judea was the nearest place of approach to God, but that God is a spirit and that whoever anywhere addresses Him in spirit and in truth addresses God immediately present. He taught the universality of the divine presence, of the divine attention to prayer, of the divine love. But while he lived our life it was impossible for the disciples to realize that. Accordingly, during the days after his resurrection, he instructed them in this new kind of presence. He taught them to be expectant of him everywhere and always. As they walked along the road, or climbed the hill, or sat in the upper room, or cast their nets into the lake, they knew not at what moment he might appear among them. They began to feel his constant presence. And then he ascended into heaven, leaving a blessing and a promise which they were at last prepared to receive,—“*Lo, I am with you always.*”

After that they went about on his errands and the Lord was with them. He was at the same time with Peter at Joppa and with James at Jerusalem. He was with Barnabas at Antioch and with Peter at Rome. Wherever they journeyed in his service, no matter into what remote or wild or heathen lands, he accompanied them. Jesus Christ is with us here to-day. It would be hard to believe that if he were still visibly resident in Capernaum. He would seem to belong ever so much more to the disciples in Syria than to us. Thus the spiritual presence of the Master brings a consciousness of personal aid and blessing which his bodily presence could not bring. The ascension into heaven made universality possible for the Christian religion.

Jesus was the only infallible teacher who ever lived; when he spoke, he spoke the truth. Yet it is plain that he habitually and purposely refrained from laying obligations on men's thinking. He

came not to make us slaves, but to set us intellectually and spiritually free.

It was inevitable that the disciples should be dependent on their Master. While he was visibly present among them he was such a supreme and ultimate authority that, almost of necessity, they let him do their thinking for them. And he knew that that was not good for them. While he remained among them they were but children. He went away in order that they might grow, in order that they might use their own minds and live their own lives. And it is plain that the difference between the Peter and John of the Gospels and the Peter and John of the Acts is the difference between children and grown men. That is what the ascension effected.

It was *expedient for us* that Christ should go away:—to prepare a place for us; to send the Holy Spirit to us; to give us a new teacher; to appeal to faith rather than to sight; to help us realize his universal presence; to develop spiritual manhood in us. His ascension was for our advantage.—*George Hodges, in “The Year of Grace.”*

THE STILL HOUR.

Do you want “to have a good time”? If so, go and do something *for somebody else*. The more you do to make another man happy, the happier will you yourself become. When you feel discontented and miserable, look out for some one else who also is miserable, and do him an act of kindness. Then you will find that your discontent has vanished. The people in this world who feel really miserable are not the people who are poor or sick, but those who are narrow and hard. The happy ones are those who have great big hearts; for such hearts are always bright with pleasure.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes
He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul,—*Lo, it is I.*

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie,—what matter? He is
there!

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The *American Journal of Nursing* for one year is offered by Miss Jane Kennedy, 634 Canton Avenue, Milton, Mass.

REQUESTS.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

1. I have just been reading *The Cheerful Letter* and find your offer to send some books to school teachers. I would love for you to send me any reading that would be of any benefit to me as a public-school teacher and Sunday-school teacher; anything would be appreciated. Would you please send my request for publication? W. R. Ashley, Bina, North Carolina.

2. I come again asking for good reading to pass away the lonely days, as I have been in right bad health for several months. I ask for *Ladies' Home Journal* or *McCall's Magazine*. I also would be glad of scraps of percale or calico for patchwork. Mrs. M. F. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia.

3. I thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for remembering me with papers, and I would like very much to receive pieces for patchwork, and good literature of any kind. I am living out in the country. My mother is a widow and I am the only child with her; something to cheer us will be appreciated. She is very old and we are poor. Alberta Richardson, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 81.

4. If any one has any of Gene Stratton-Porter's books which they are willing to give, will they please communicate with Miss Calder, 5 Westbourne Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

5. I have been married two years and live in a lonely, backward place. I have one little girl six months old. I would greatly appreciate a Bible, some toys for my baby, and some quilt scraps. Mrs. Grace Jones, Misenheimer, North Carolina.

6. Mrs. H. P. Porter, Pilot Point, Texas, Route 2, will be glad of any reading.

7. I want first to thank all the ladies who have sent me reading and pieces in the past. My husband is sick. It seems like I couldn't make out if not for your help. I have two little boys, Charlie, aged seven years, and Elgin, aged three years. They would like a drawing-book and pencils and crayons. I would like any kind of quilt pieces, and good books to read; will pass them along. Any cheer sent to our family will be much appreciated. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Virginia, Route 1, Box 22.

8. A friend gave me a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*, which was greatly appreciated. I would like to receive copies of the *Pictorial Review*, *Needlecraft*, or *Modern Priscilla*; any kind of good reading matter would be appreciated. Alice M. Weaver, Smethport, North Carolina.

9. We have been receiving *The Cheerful Letter* for some time, and it is always hailed as a message of comfort and cheer. I would be very, very glad if you could procure for me two copies each of Xenophon's *Anabasis* (Greek) and Virgil's *Æneid* (Latin). I should also be very glad to receive any numbers of the *Etude*, as I am trying to study music, but am unable to hire a teacher. George L. Allen, Lumberton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 21.

10. I shall be very thankful for quilt pieces and reading matter for myself (a widow) and two girls aged five and fourteen years respectively. Also, music will be gratefully received. Mrs. E. W. Minors, Saint Georges, Bermuda.

11. As I haven't in a good while received any reading from *The Cheerful Letter*, I am now asking for "Midsummer

Night's Dream," *St. Nicholas*, *McCall's*, or any good reading. I am thanking all for past favors. Minnie E. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, Box 10.

12. Mrs. Allie Perryman, Shamrock, Texas, Route 1, is grateful to all who remembered her. She seldom leaves her home, as they are all strangers. She would like to thank personally those who were so kind, but pennies for postage are scarce.

13. Miss L. E. Carlton, R. F. D. 2, Box 42, Boomer, North Carolina, will be very glad to receive scraps of any kind for patchwork, and reading matter, especially any of Mark Twain's works, and the *De-linator*.

14. Will some one please send me some good books and magazines? I should enjoy *The Cheerful Letter* especially. A copy of it was given to me by a friend. I should enjoy a birthday shower the twenty-second of May, when I shall be sixteen years old. Miss Clara Tye, Old Fort, Tennessee.

15. Mrs. Minnie Witt, Epperson, Tennessee, is thankful for past favors. She asks for reading for her children, and *Good Housekeeping* beginning with March, 1921.

16. I am a girl of twenty-five, in bad health. I had the influenza two years ago and haven't been well since. I would like to correspond with some one and would appreciate any reading. Maggie Smith, Spencer, Virginia, Route 1, Box 25.

17. I have three little children, aged seventeen months, four years, and seven years. I live on a lonely farm and very seldom get to church or Sunday-school. My husband is nearly always away at work. We just brought our little boy home from the McLain Orthopaedic Sanitarium, at St. Louis. He was unable to move his lower limbs when taken there, but can walk now. Mrs. V. L. Davis, Cora, Missouri.

18. I wish to thank everyone who has remembered me with books, cards, letters, or anything, for they have cheered me along so much; we live in a backwoods country, and I do love to read. I make and sell crocheted things when I can find a sale for them, but the sale is slow now

in such hard times. I hope the kind Cheerful Letter friends will continue to remember me. I tried to thank every one who sent me anything, but sometimes a roll would come with the name torn off. I hope every one will take this letter as a special thanks for them. I will be glad of any books for myself and children. Now, may God bless the good Cheerful Letter workers, who bring so much cheer to the sad and lonely, sick and suffering. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, North Carolina, Route 1.

19. Rev. Grover C. Phillips, Bear Creek, North Carolina, asks for story-books for his eight children, four of whom are in school.

At Rest.

Mrs. Hope Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia.
Mrs. W. A. Crogan, North Winterport, Me.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY CHILD.

There is a traditional idea prevalent among city people, that the country child is by force of circumstance a healthy child. I can remember vague pictures floating before my mind's eye—pictures of fat and rosy-cheeked children playing in the pure, fresh, undefiled country air. I have found to my sorrow that these pictures are but figments of the imagination and have little or no foundation in fact. I understand cold statistics point to the truth that the mortality among country children is greater than that among children of the city.

I have met with an ignorance and superstition concerning the care of mothers and babies which seems incredible in this day. Many of these people have heard indirectly of some of the more modern methods of bringing up babies, and speak with the utmost scorn of such new-fangled notions. To them it is incredible that a doctor, a mere man, and especially a young doctor, can possibly know more about bearing and raising children than their mothers knew—mothers who had had six, or eight, or ten children.

It is discouraging work for the doctors. One of these, who has a large practice in the country, told me that his greatest trouble is with the grandmothers. He told me of one instance, which he affirmed was typical. He was called to attend a

birth and successfully delivered a splendid, eight-pound boy. The mother had plenty of milk and all seemed well. The physician gave very strict instructions that nothing was to be fed the baby except the breast milk. A month later he was sent for and arrived at the farm to find the baby skin and bones. Of course he immediately asked what they had been feeding the baby. Grandmother and mother were both present, and the latter asserted that his instructions had been followed to the letter. "Very well, then," said the doctor, "something must be wrong with your milk, it so evidently disagrees with baby. Come to my office Saturday when you are in town, and I'll examine your milk." The woman appeared at the appointed time and began by announcing that she had a confession to make. "I didn't want to tell you before her," she said, "but mother has been feeding baby mush and milk."

At another time, a woman brought her baby to the doctor to be weighed. The child was far below normal, and the doctor found that the child's diet consisted of a mixture of flour, water, and milk, administered whenever he showed supposed signs of hunger. The mother was given directions, and asked to bring the baby back in a week's time. When the week was up, the doctor weighed this baby again, to find there had been absolutely no gain. He asked the mother if she had been following his formula and she said, "Oh, no, I've been feeding him just the same as I was before. Mother raised all of us on that and there are eight of us—all strong, healthy men and women." The doctor, telling of the incident, admitted that for a moment her argument seemed unanswerable. Then he said, "Did your mother never lose a child?" "Oh, yes, four died when they were babies!"

I know one young farm woman, whose baby was born at her mother's home. She told me she got up on the third day after the baby was born and helped with the housework. On the ninth day, however, her mother insisted she lie flat on her back all day, so that "everything would go back in place." After that she was considered ready for anything! This same young woman had an older child, a pretty, but anæmic-looking little girl. The mother told me she had given this child pickles, olives, and bananas to eat when

she was six months old. "She just loved them, so I thought they must be all right for her." And a few minutes later, this mother was wishing she had a dollar for every bottle of medicine whose contents had gone the way of the pickles and olives, but she had no thought of *any connecting link between these two statements!*

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.*

The celebrated English poet who wrote these verses took the subject from the Bible. In the nineteenth chapter of the second book of Kings, an old Hebrew writer tells about how an army of Assyrian soldiers once came to Jerusalem, threatening to take possession of the city and make slaves of the people. The leader of the Assyrians sent an insulting message to King Hezekiah, telling him that the Hebrews might as well surrender; everybody else had had to yield (so he reminded Hezekiah); he need not imagine that Jehovah was powerful enough to amount to anything against *them!*

It was at the time when Isaiah was living in Jerusalem,—the prophet whose wonderful religious poems are given in the Book of Isaiah. The prophet's vigorous, persistent faith in God helped King Hezekiah to keep up sturdy courage. And

Hezekiah prayed before the Lord, and said,—O Lord God of Israel, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; thou hast made heaven and earth. Lord, bow down thine ear and hear! Lord, open thine eyes and see; hear the words of Sennacherib which hath sent him to reproach the living God.

Of a truth, Lord, the Kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire (for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands,—wood and stone!). Now, therefore, O Lord, our God, I beseech thee, save us now out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even *thou only!*

And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand;

* Pronounced in four syllables, the second one accented.—*Sen-nack-er-ib.*

and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

It had looked as if there were no possibility of saving the city of Jerusalem. It seemed likely that the Holy City would be captured and destroyed just like the heathen cities of the neighboring lands. But the sudden, mysterious death of the invaders, in their camp just outside the city walls, brought deliverance.

This is the way the poet pictures the event:—

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
The sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill
And their hearts but once heaved and forever were still.

The widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal.
For the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

—Lord Byron.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

DESERT PLANTS.

A camel, born to the desert, can drink enough water at one time to last him for days on his sandy marches. Desert plants, too, are supplied by nature with means of storing up water in their stalks or roots. The barrel cactus, so named because it looks like a green, thorny barrel, is a tank, its interior being more than half water on which it draws during hot, dry periods. Every desert plant has some sort of reservoir out of which it may drink during the long droughts. The plants

are made in the best possible way to prevent unnecessary evaporation of water. Many have no leaves, some have the smallest of leaves, and still others keep their leaves only during the rainy season. Some of the curious desert plants exude a sticky substance like varnish which covers the plant pores so that the water cannot escape through them.

To protect themselves from thirsty animals, who might eat them to get the stored-up moisture, many of the plants are covered with thorns or spines, some short and thick, some slender and sharp as a needle, while a few have a strong flavor resembling the skunk as a means of self-protection.—*The Christian Register*.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

A BIRD HUNT.

1. I make the census-takers glad; without my help no work they'd have.
2. My feathers make fair ladies smile, but make poor husbands sweat awhile.
3. You ought, I think, ashamed to be, for many times you've eaten me.
4. There's just one fault to which I'll own, a summer I can't make alone.
5. In February—day 14—by thousands I am always seen.
6. Though in this land I'm born and grow, still I'm quite English, doncher know.
7. A group of islands far at sea, some people claim were named for me.
8. Do you like crackers? Yes, don't you? I don't mind telling folks I do.
9. You may have heard, or may have read, how I a prophet one time fed.
10. I'm never thankful with the rest; I like unthankful nations best.

—Selected.

Answers to puzzles in the April number.

- I. BURIED CITIES AND STATES: 1. Dayton. 2. Augusta. 3. Trenton. 4. Wheeling. 5. Indiana.

- II. STUNG GAME: 1. Resting. 2. Feasting. 3. Dusting. 4. Toasting. 5. Testing.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way,
Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L.
Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston,
Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols,
25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Subscriptions to this paper (50 cents per year) should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be payable to The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of *The Cheerful Letter*, it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do personal canvassing during the year and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe but deplore the loss of the paper.

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.